643. l. 28
20

Yes, they are:

BEING AN

ANSWER

TO

Are theſe Things ſo?

THE

PREVIOUS QUESTION

FROM

An *Engliſhman* in his GROTTO

TO A

Great Man at COURT.

Virtus eſt Vitium fugere, & Sapientia prima
Stultitia caruiſſe---------- HOR.

LONDON:
Printed for *T. Cooper* at the *Globe* in *Pater-noſter Row.*
M.DCC.XL.
[Price One Shilling.]

Yes, they are:

BEING AN

ANSWER

TO

Are these Things so?

THE

PREVIOUS QUESTION

FROM

An Englishman in his GROTTO

TO A

Great Man at COURT.

Virtus est Vitium fugere, & Sapientia prima
Stultitia caruisse. ——— HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for T. Cooper at the Globe in Pater-noster Row.

M DCC.XL.

[Price One Shilling.]

Yes, they are:

BEING AN

ANSWER

TO THE

PREVIOUS QUESTION, &c.

Are theſe things ſo?

SIR, in a Garret near St. *Martin*'s Lane,
I live exempt from Taxes, Plagues, or Pain.
No envious Malice brooding in my Breaſt,
Nor anxious Cares to hinder me from Reſt.
As free as YOU, from Luxury and Pride,
And ſhun as much the Courtier's *venal* Tribe;
Thoſe Tools of Pow'r with equal Scorn I ſee,
And am as bleſt as YOU, in Apathy.
Perhaps as much forgetting, and forgot;
And find MY Garret peaceful as YOUR Grott.
All Party-Int'reſt, baniſh'd from my Breaſt;
Nor want I aught, to wiſh myſelf more bleſt.

Here, in my vacant Hours, my penſive Mind
Revolves the various Fortunes of Mankind.
There *Greece* involv'd in Civil Wars I view,
By Tyrants led to Slaughter------or ſubdue
To One Man's Pride or Avarice the Slaves,
Or led by Factions of Deſigning Knaves---
Athens, or *Carthage*, *Sparta*---now obey,
And lawleſs Villains, conqu'ring, make their Prey.
Or there Proud *Rome*, with all her boaſted Fame
For Liberty and Freedom, ſinks the ſame.
To Tyrant *Conſuls*, or *Decemvir*'s Nod,
They bend the ſervile Knee, or kiſs the Rod.
Lamenting *thoſe*, even THOSE remoter Days,
The mournful *Image* my Compaſſion ſways
In Pity to *their* FATE---unforc'd I ſigh,
And think, PERHAPS, *my Country*'s is as nigh.

In my warm Boſom, there I feel with Pride
My Country's Welfare chiefly will preſide.
But (Heav'n avert it!) a Report is ſpread,
Her Fate depends upon a ſingle Thread.

ARE

ARE THESE THINGS SO?---I anſwer, YES, THEY ARE.
And ſinking *BRITAIN* now demands our Care.
That She is fall'n, the wondring World muſt know,
Know to our endleſs Shame, ſhe's fall'n ſo low.
She----who, ſole Ruler of the boundleſs Main,
The Scourge of *faithleſs France* and *haughty Spain*,
Is----(Curſe the Authors, whoſe enormous Crimes
Makes her) the Scorn, the Proverb of the Times.
Sad as the *Fable* of complaining Frogs,
Whoſe Fate, was to be rul'd by Storks and Logs.

Whilſt our vaſt Navies cut the liquid Way
From fam'd *St. Helen*'s, to as fam'd *Torbay:*
There fix'd at Anchor, adverſe Winds detain,
Till Fate and *N----s* bring them back again:
Then, even in foreign Ports, our Navies ſlept,
And *H-----k* join'd the Sabbath which we kept;
Withheld by Orders, to their Country's Shame,
Or ſunk in Cowardice, to blaſt her Fame.
And *mediating France*, perfidious, keep
Our *Veſſels* rotting, and our *Arms* aſleep.

Why

Why do you aſk-----*So many Millions gone!*
And ſay---*Good Heav'ns!---as yet there's nothing done.*
Yes, we have done, what Ages can't undo
With Lives of Millions, and Our Fortunes too;
We've done *Ourſelves*, what *foreign Foes* eſſay'd,
And to thoſe Foes by *Natives* are betray'd.
This, Sir, the Author of To-Day can tell,
For none has practis'd more, or knows ſo well,
That he's the fatal Cauſe of *Britain*'s Shame,
The Spendthrift of her Freedom and her Fame;
That *Albion*'s Sons are by his Arts become
The *Dupes* of *Foreigners*, and Slaves at Home:
That her fam'd S-----e, on whoſe ſage Debate,
And free Reſolves, depended *Europe*'s Fate,
Now meanly on his Nod *dependent* ſit,
And *Yea* or *No*, but juſt as He thinks fit.
That this is true, who dares diſpute it, ſay?
For all Men know the Author of To-Day.

The Sons of *Levi*----true, they claim a Part,
They're practis'd in the fawning, cringing Art,

They'll

They'll bow to *Paul*, or *Peter*; and ſo civil,
If he directs------be Converts to the D----l:
A little Mammon gains the yielding Knave,
And *Lawn*, or *Red*, or *Sable* makes the Slave.
You aſk what's paſt Diſpute, 'tis known to all,
Our plumed Chiefs are deaf to Honour's Call,
They wage no War, but in the Senate-Hall.
There boldly they aſſert CONVENIO's Right
To give us Peace, or bid us when to fight.

If One, you ſay, ſhould for his Country riſe,
And dare be ſingle to be good and wiſe;
Dare ſpeak with Freedom in his Country's Cauſe,
And nobly plead her Liberty and Laws:
You ſee him ſtripp'd of Dignity and Rule,
To gild ſome *tinſel'd* cringing Knave or Fool----
Stripp'd---ſhould you aſk if true, the World wou'd ſmile,
For ev'ry Child wou'd ſay, 'Tis brave *Ar----le*.

O *V----n*! Witneſs to his Honour's Shame
Thy Glorious Conqueſt, thy Victorious Name;

Be Witneſs, e'er your Barks had ſwell'd their Sails,
Or wav'd their Streamers, with propitious Gales,
The Packets, ſecret Orders to reſign,
Or ſtop their Courſe, or check your great Deſign:
The lingring Veſſel hap'ly came too late,
The Winds aſſiſted, and you prov'd your Fate.

Oh loſt to *Britain!* Liberty and Trade!
All Wealth and Commerce fly us like a Shade,
And neighb'ring Nations ſhun us as a Plague.
Thanks to CONVENIO---let his *Brother* tell
What Friends HE made, who *Treaties* makes ſo well;
What new Ally to aid us?---*None*---For ſhame!
He dar'd to tell the Senate once the ſame.
To add to our Misfortunes, at their Will,
Oppreſs'd at Home with heavy Taxes ſtill.
New wand'ring Poor, new Bankrupts ev'ry Day;
And Mony moſt, has wander'd quite away.

That Mony's gone, methinks CONVENIO cries,
" There's Wealth enough, and he that ſaid it *lyes.*

" See what Profuſeneſs in my Palace reign,
" My Park, my Gardens, or my pompous Train:
" See at my *Levee* Stars and Garters meet,
" And lowly bow the Hand to touch my Feet;
" Ev'n theſe, poſſeſſing Thouſands, ſeek for more,
" And from my Bounty I encreaſe their Store;
" The whole Ex-------r's open at my Will,
" And Thouſands ſhare the Plenty with me ſtill.
" My *Brother*, *Sons*, and all the *W*-----*e* Race,
" Enjoy *Poſſeſſions*, *Penſions*, *Wealth*, and *Place*.
" Then, ſay not baſely, Wealth or Trade is fled,
" For Plenty on Myſelf and Friends is ſhed.

'Tis as CONVENIO ſays, we nothing loſe,
For we exchange our Bread for wooden Shoes.
We learn the Morals of All-conqu'ring *France*,
And they inſtruct our *Armies* how to dance,
From Camp to Town---dance back to Camp, and then
Dance merrily to Quarters back again:
Our Fleet has learnt to dance in the ſame Strain.
We learn their Politicks, Experience ſhews,
Though dearly purchas'd ev'ry *Briton* knows.

To

To make the Work compleat, I'd have them dance,
For *Lawyers*, *Prieſts*, and COURTIERS, all to *France*:
At once go through the Work which HE begun,
One Summer more, and then-----we're quite undone!

You aſk if THINGS ARE so? or Fiction all?
You, Sir, are one on whom the Weight may fall;
The Weight of Taxes, and CONVENIO's Rod,
Unleſs you bow to *Baal*, or wait his Nod.

Come, turn the Tables-----ſay, he's not to blame,
Stand up and vindicate his HONOUR's Fame;
Boldly aſſert, he ſeeks his *Country's* Good,
And ſinks almoſt beneath the weighty Load:
What of the *Publick Treaſure* has he us'd?
What *Bribe* receiv'd? What *Secret Pow'r* abus'd?
What *Forage-Bill?* What *Contract* has he made?
Or what EXCISE upon the Subject laid?
What *Treaty*, or CONVENTION has he ſign'd?
What *Int'reſt* can *corrupt* his HONEST Mind?
Say, 'tis the Shafts of *Calumny* are thrown;
He ſeeks his *Country's* Welfare, not his *Own.*

Witneſs

Witneſs his long, *laborious Toils* of State;
And all his *Kindred* kindly ſhare his Fate.
Swear that he's *ſpotleſs*, innocently free
From ev'ry Crime that ſtrikes at *Liberty*.
Say with his *Venal Tribe* of *Scribblers*, ſay
All flow'd from *Chance*----the Mis'ries of To-Day.

Tho' envious Tongues report, his Palace ſhines
With gilded Columns, girt with golden Vines,
And that *Profuſion* reigns in *Pomp* and *Pride*,
And vain *Luxuriancy* the Parts divide:
This to fair *Venus* wantonly deviſ'd,
By glitt'ring Ornaments with Art diſguiſ'd:
To *Bacchus there*, the golden Gobblet crown'd,
And Wreaths of Vines and Fruits are waving round.
The laviſh Decorations fill each Space,
And *wild* Incumbrance glares in ev'ry Place.
Tho' this were true----ſay, What would that infer,
T'accuſe his Truſt, or Want of Publick Care?
How many indigent and needy Poor
Have liv'd in Riot at his open Door?

How many needy Families ſupply'd,
With only keeping up this *decent Pride*?
This Dignity, this Show and Pomp of State,
This juſt Diſtinction 'twixt the Mean and Great?
Not for *Himſelf* he lives, his Cares extend,
To be to ev'ry *worthy* Friend----a *Friend*.
A juſt Example to a noble Mind,
To ſeek the Good, the Welfare of Mankind.

All this, good Sir, with Graveneſs you may tell;
But who'd believe you, ſay it e'er ſo well?
Where, do you think, your Story would prevail?
What *Idiot* wou'd give Credit to the Tale?
You'd ſooner make a *Lion* nurſe your Lamb,
Or a wild *Tiger* tender of the Dam:
The *Hawk* or *Reynard* would your Poultry ſpare,
The *Greyhound* ceaſe to chace the tim'rous Hare:
Theſe things would ſooner be believ'd, than you
Can make Mankind *believe your* Story true.

Suppoſe, *good Sir*, the Nation hates his Name;
Suppoſe, that all his Deeds are damn'd to Fame:

Should

Should ev'ry Place, and ev'ry *future* Time
Agree to curſe——each wicked guilty Crime;
In *diſtant* Ages, what will this avail
To thoſe who baly READ the mournful Tale?
What is a WOLSEY, GAVESTON to me?
(My Claim is *Freedom*) for I dare be free
From the *Corraptor*'s Bribe or *venal* Fee.

The *preſent* Time requires our only Care;
I ſeek in *this* the Welfare of my *Heir*;
In *this*, *Futurity* is underſtood,
The preſent PUBLICK BLISS, is *Future Good*.
On this depends the Great, the Glorious Cauſe,
A BRITON's Freedom, Liberty, and Laws.

If *Taxes*, *Place-men*, *Penſions*, *Bribes* encreaſe,
And WEALTH, and TRADE, and PUBLICK CREDIT ceaſe:
Tell me the Means we have to prove our Fate?
To-morrow may be, Sir-----a Day too late.
At leaſt *one* Day of Freedom to regain,
Is worth an Age in Servitude and Pain.

For

For when *He*'s gone, it matters not *what* HE
" Has dug the Grave of *Britiſh* Liberty."
Tho' curs'd his *Tomb*, ſhould it the foremoſt ſtand,
The moſt conſummate V---n's of the Land.

Grant me, good Sir, a Word apart with you:
I can't approve the Method you purſue.
Which way can you direct him to retreat?
The Work, *perhaps*, is finiſh'd and compleat.
Then what avails Repentance, when too late?
Deſpair enſues!------why then, be *that* his Fate.
Then to his *injur'd Country* He may call,
" On Me revenge your Wrongs, on me let fall
" Your Shafts of Juſtice"-----No: let him deſpair,
For Cruelty would be but Mercy there.

Might I adviſe----to *H*------*n* let him ſpeed,
And there *Himſelf* perform the Glorious Deed;
At once cut off, with his polluted Hand,
A Life of Guilt, and ſave a *Sinking Land*.
'Tis but a little Struggle to go through,
A Debt to *Juſtice*-----which has long been due.

A DAGGER does it;----or, the *Grecian* Way,
A Draught of *Hemlock*; or a-----HALTER may.
This laſt, BEST Service for his Country's Sake,
This Act of *Glory* to preſerve a State;
This might to *future Times* record his Fame,
And *W*-----*e*'s live with Great SEJANUS' Name.
Then *Gazetteers* and *Venal* Scribes may ſing
His *Elegiack Virtues*-------in a STRING.
As they have made HIM here their chief Regard,
They bravely merit that *laſt* BEST Reward.

But, Heav'n be prais'd, we're ſtill our SOV'REIGN's [Care;
His tender Nurture bids us not deſpair:
His *Wiſdom*, *Virtues*, *Goodneſs*, ſtill will ſhine,
And give each Subject's Breaſt a Warmth Divine.
Perhaps, when rip'ning Time, *the Work of Fate*,
Shall rouze his Vengeance---*E'er it be too late*,
Then ſuch who dare to miſapply their Pow'r,
Who labour on in *Publick Crimes* each Hour;
Then may each CAITIFF meet their *Sov'reign*'s Hate,
And Juſtice mark the V------ns of the State.

F I N I S.